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NOTICE.

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. The third and last enlarged number, due to our readers on account of the deficiency of one number, will be delivered with No. 21.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We hate talking about money matters, but the serious expenses of the MUSICAL WORLD, in its present enlarged form, compel us, against our will, to remind our kind Subscribers of a rule IMPERATIVE in the conduct of periodical publications—viz. that all subscriptions, quarterly, half-yearly, annually, or otherwise, MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE.

We must therefore request, most respectfully, though earnestly, that all the last quarter's subscriptions be paid up, with the addition of a QUARTER'S SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE, to June, 1845,—without which, studious as we would be not to disoblige, we must positively decline sending the future numbers. This is addressed to such of our subscribers in town and country as—unwittingly we are sure—have neglected to remit their subscriptions regularly. To the great majority of our excellent friends, who have been most punctual, we take this opportunity to tender our thanks.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

If we are to draw conclusions from the reception *Puritani* met with on Thursday night at the Opera, we should say this heretofore highly favoured performance is decidedly on the wane. Why is this?—Has the public grown satiated with Bellini's catching strains? Have street organs and everlasting drawing-room exhibitions pulled down from their throne of excellence the mellifluous melodies of the once all-prized composer? Or has musical education so widely pervaded the mass as to expose the shredded canvass beneath the ardent colouring? Speculation may feed itself on any one of these proffered solutions—we see in none of the premises the deducible inference. *Puritani* was written to besit one of the greatest artists the world has ever seen—for a voice of peculiar power and range—for a style of expression or expressiveness concentrated to a particular form of the pathetic, and to shadow the defects of an organ only made great by the most consummate skill. Every beauty and grace of the singer were called forth by the composer's admeasurement, and it is not too much to observe, that perhaps the lyric stage did never witness so pure and efficient a display of vocalization as Rubini's in the part of *Arturo*. *Arturo* is not only the hero of the piece, but the entire of the last act is developed for him, and the whole interest becomes absorbed in his single person. We have thus an immediate clue to the present indifferent reception of the *Puritani*. To sustain a character like that of *Arturo*, a talent little inferior to that of the original representative is required. And into what hands has the representation now fallen? Into that of one entirely unequal either to its significance or vocal requisitions. Signor Mario's voice is capable of expression, and he himself as an artist is not devoid of taste—where melody *sings itself*; if we may use the term, he will be listened to with pleasure, if not delight—but the music of *Arturo* is utterly beyond his capabilities, simply because it is not pure melody which demands little else than voice, but *phraseology* which requires a distinctive and singularly artistic power. We are surprised that this part was not allotted to Moriani. If we mistake not it is one of the characters from which he derived his continental fame. Grisi sang well—occasionally very well: but too frequently she betrayed a falsity in her intonation that we have been unaccustomed to hear from her, especially in this Opera. "Son vergin vezzosa" did not fulfil our expectations: nor did the audience seem extravagantly taken—it passed without an encore—an unusual thing with the *Puritani* Polacca. We must however, bestow our highest admiration on the execution of "Qui la voce," in the mad scene—a composition, by the way, most lamentably out of place. In all this scene Grisi displayed great vocal and histrionic powers. Her *sotto voce* singing is as near perfection as singing can be. We liked Fornasari infinitely better in *Riccardo* than in either

Figaro or *Assur*. This gentleman's forte is energy, and any thing comic or sentimental is quite out of his line. For instance the first cavatina, "Fior d'amore," a perfect love-wail in its kind, and which was so exquisitely sung by Tamburini, was rendered by Signor Fornasari listless and ineffective, while his share of the grand duo, "Suoni la tromba," was vigorous and telling. On the whole his performance was creditable, and had fewer faults than he usually displays. It is needless to say any thing of Lablache. He was as great as ever. No music comes amiss to him. The librettist and composer of whatsoever opera are ever aggrandized by his performance. Lablache has certainly become—not a greater favourite, that was impossible—but a more admired artist than of late years. People now talk in higher raptures of his vocal powers than ever. Assuredly this does not proceed from any improvement, but simply because he is placed in juxtaposition with artists so infinitely below him that comparison becomes contrast. When Tamburini and Lablache were side by side, applause and criticism were equally divided, and diversity of opinion begot partizanship. Who would dream of instituting a parallel between Fornasari and Lablache?

One word of the music of the opera of *Puritani*. It has neither the grace of *Norma*, nor the individuality of *Sonnambula*. If it sparkle more frequently than either of its companions, it has less purpose of direction. The plot is unmeaning, and would require more skilful hands than poor Bellini's to give it "vocal habitation and a name." The melodies themselves in this opera are however better than in many others of the composer, and of a more distinctive character. The great fault of the Bellini school seems to be a hot-bed sentimentalism—a puling pathos, morbid and unhealthy—a sybaritic effeminacy in the development of a passion, supplying grimace for intensity, and mistaking languidness for the languor of love. Bellini had not genius sufficient to write abstractedly, or taking the color from his own mind to mark the shades with life-like truth and power. His melancholy overshadowed him with a cloud, from which, for the first time, he seemed struggling to emerge in the opera before us, and we have little doubt had he lived to fulfil his youthful promise, he would have flung aside the mawkish sentimentality that stood between him and a bright, if not a great, name on the list of operatic composers.

Cerito made her first appearance this season the same evening, and met with an uproarious reception in *La Vivandiere*. She is an immense favourite, and most deservedly so. It is not very easy to represent by words the distinctive features in the style and accomplishments of Terpsichorean artists: every beholder will, to his own mind, recur for the standard by which he will estimate the peculiar excellencies of this least complex of all the arts, if it may be styled so—there being no immediate discrimination required beyond what simple right may furnish—each will write himself down judge without reference to foregone opinions—but it may not fail in illustration to many timid waverers, to draw a parallel between Cerito and her great predecessor Taglioni. Taglioni possesses a more studied and refined grace—Cerito a more easy and natural: the one is more highly finished—the other more unequal but more appreciable: Taglioni's may be called the poetry of motion—Cerito's exhibits more the quality of painting: the former is more intellectual or mental—the latter more sensuous. In this view each will be the head of a school, of which Cerito's will certainly have the most numerous followers. For an embodiment of meaning by steps we know no one to approach Cerito. She is the greatest dramatic dancer—using the word dramatic

in its widest sense—we have ever seen. Her activity, like that of others, is not vivacity, it is *vivaciousness*. There is reality in all her motions: they are not momentaneous displays for effect, but enthusiastic and natural evolvments of joyousness and animal spirits. We never saw her dance more splendidly than she did on Thursday night, and the audience received her in every new effort with a perfect hurricane of applause.

D. R.

THE POLKA.

By J. L.

We delayed expressing our opinion on the disorder which has invaded this country for some time past, trusting in the good sense of the people, that we should have but to record its ultimate downfall and total extinction. As in many other cases, however, it was the monarch who had to step between the follies of the age and the apeing silliness of the multitude of all classes and ranks. We rejoiced, therefore, to read—"that Her Majesty has set her face against the Polka, and has given orders that it should not be danced any more in her presence." We should consider it a downright waste of time to expatiate on the origin and the history of this half-barbarian dance, which was lately started (!) by some servant girl in Bohemia, where it had been current for centuries past amongst the delirious multitudes of village inns and tap-rooms. We ignore the name of the ignominious wight, who dragged this savage saltation from its aboriginal and legitimate haunt, to inoculate it on the masses of all ranks throughout Europe—masses always inclined towards the new, however worthless. It was conjointly also used as a vehicle for the reigning Russophobia of France and England. We pity the friends of Poland, if they really have nothing better to show off as their own, than a new type of a stupid, sensual, unmeaning, barbarian dance. It is not such stuff as this, that any nation can desire to have given to them by foreigners. That this dance (in fact, any dance) should have occupied, and almost absorbed the attention of the working people of this country, is an enigma altogether unsolvable—a people, with whose misfortunes and ailings (moral and physical) the joint philanthropy of their best and worthiest is unable to cope. The Polka delirium, in fine, also intruded in the sanctuary of music, and the strolling conductors of bands placed such dismal strepitations at the head of what they had to give to the people. Not satisfied in having made use of (*exploité*) this mania of the people in the ball room, the concert room, the tavern, the tap—even the commerce of music is to be defiled by a regular manufactory and wholesale storehouse of this musical blubber, and money to be squeezed out from every possible pore of popular absurdity. If, however, the people (I mean all ranks) of this country will not belie the ancient and deep-meaning axiom:—"ad exemplar regum totus componitur orbis"—we trust, we shall hear of this madness and insanity no more; and if foreigners intend to come to this country, we may expect, that in the face of all the vast improvements and advances of every kind on the Continent, they will not so far betray the lowness and paucity of their ideas, as to pester John Bull with any Polka, or other half-barbarian saltation or jumping whatever.

[Unfortunately for our irascible contributor the report of the Queen's Polkaphobia turns out to be a joke. For our own parts we consider the Polka a very innocent and pleasurable matter. Let us confess that we love to see young folks dance.—ED. M. W.]

CONCERT OF SIGNOR MARRAS.

We present the programme of this morning performance, which took place in presence of an overflowing assembly, on Saturday morning, in the Hanover Square Rooms, as a model for future concert givers. Quality, not quantity, was considered, and the result was highly flattering to the judgment of Signor Marras.

PARTE PRIMA.

Overture, (Der Freischütz)	Weber.
Duetto, "Se vederla a me non lice," (Belisario) Madame Eugenio Garcia and Signor Minoja	Donizetti.
Scena ed Aria, (Der Freyschütz) Mdle. Schloss	Weber.
Grand Fantasia and Variations di Bravura, on the favourite romance from the Opera L'Eclair, pianoforte (with orchestral accompaniments) composed and executed by	W. V. Wallace.
Recro. e Cavatina, "Bella adorata," (Giuramento) Signor Marras	Mercadante.
Concerto MS. for the Violin, (1st movement) with orchestral accompaniments, composed and executed by	Sainton.
Duetto, "Amor possente nome," (Armida) Madame Garcia and Signor Marras	Rossini.
Le Reve MS., "Lascia o cara le vergin plume," (1st time) Signor Marras, accompanied by the composer	W. V. Wallace.

PARTE SECONDA.

Overture, (Fidelio)	Beethoven.
Air, "Il va venir," (La Juive) Madame Garcia	Halévy.
Cavatina, "Questa soave imagine" (Gemma di Vergy) Signor Minoja	Donizetti.
Brilliant Variations, Adagio Cantabile and Rondo Scherzoso on the Cracovienne, for the pianoforte, (with orchestral accompaniments) composed and executed by	W. V. Wallace.
Scena ed Aria, "Fra poco a me ricovero," (Lucia di Lammermoor) Signor Marras	Donizetti.
Variations for the Violin, M. Sainton	De Beriot.
German Song, "Das Fischer madchen," Mdle. Schloss	Schubert.
Terzetto, "Solingo, errante e misero," (Erani) Madame Garcia, Signor Marras, and Signor Minoja	Verdi.
Overture, (Figaro)	Mozart.

Signor Marras deserves credit for engaging a good orchestra—a *rara avis* now-a-days. The good orchestra deserves credit for its spirited performance, under the direction of M. Tolbecque and the leadership of Mr. Thirlwall, of the overtures allotted to it. Signor Marras sang with that finished execution and graceful style of ornament for which he is justly famous. Nothing could have been more delicious than his manner of rendering the charming "Reve" of Mr. W. V. Wallace. Signor Marras is undoubtedly one of the foremost tenors of Italy—and in the difficult *scena* from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, he displayed a fund of passion and sentiment, which place him high as a dramatic vocalist. Madame Eugenie Garcia's singing was marked by even more than her wonted energy. Her sentiment, though exuberant, is ever in the right place; and we know few living vocalists with more true pathos and tenderness. Mdle. Schloss, in two of her well known favorites, sang with fine feeling and execution, and was unanimously and warmly applauded. Signor Minoja, the debutant, has a noble barytone voice, which he exhibited to great advantage in Mercadante's Cavatina; and more especially in his duet with the talented Madame Garcia, which was altogether a faultless performance. M. Sainton played superbly. His concerto—a composition of merit, well scored and well adapted to display the peculiarities of modern violin execution—was a great treat to the lovers of the instrument; and his variations by De Be-

riot proved him a thorough master of the fantasia school. He was greatly and deservedly applauded.

The great feature of the concert was, however, the debut of Mr. William Vincent Wallace, a pianist and composer of distinguished ability, of whom we predicated in two previous numbers the entire success before an English audience. Mr. Wallace, being an Irishman, is of course likely to be over praised by one party—whose excess being on the good side of national feeling is excusable—and under-rated, and abused even, by another party of foreign toad-eaters too contemptible to signalize by name. We flatter ourselves that our readers will take our verdict as the just one. Mr. Wallace, as a pianist, is not a Leopold de Meyer, nor on the other hand is he a Mendelssohn—but he evinces a remarkable portion of the wonderful mechanical dexterity of the one school, with a more enviable participation in the unaffected beauty of the other. Mr. Wallace, both in his playing and his compositions, combines the characteristics of the modern school of mechanism, and the old and preferable school of sentiment. That he is an admirable pianist there can be little doubt, and that his efforts have been appreciated, his unprecedented fame in the new world and in Germany—to say nothing of the absolute enthusiasm which welcomed him in England, on Saturday morning, playing before half the artists and amateurs of London—fully testify. Mr. Wallace has a firm touch, a brilliant finger, a finished mechanism, and a fund of sentiment and grace—if these be not enough to constitute him a pianist of high rank, what else is required? In the compositions produced on Saturday—except the charming melody sung by Signor Marras (*Le Reve*)—we chiefly remarked a skilful intermingling of the schools of Herz and Thalberg, with a thorough knowledge of the resources of the orchestra, particularly exemplified in the charming instrumentation of the *Fantasia* on Halévy's "L'Eclair," which has much of the sparkling character of Auber. To conclude, Mr. Wallace's best friends could hardly have desired for him a more enthusiastic reception, or a more thorough and un-mistakeable success.

Many of the vocal pieces were accompanied by Mr. Benedict, with the talent which he possesses in so eminent a degree.

VERSES FOR MUSIC.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

Believe not Love's delusive wiles,
His fervent sighs, his faithless smiles;
He wreathes with sweetest flow'rs the dart,
That deepest wounds the victim's heart.

While o'er him plays the mystic flame,
Careless he takes his sportive aim;
Though sure to make the sufferer feel,
A wound that Time will never heal.

Away the buoyant urchin springs,
'Midst his bright bow'rs triumphant sings;
Laughs o'er the tears he caus'd to flow,
And bends again the fated bow.

Oh! fly then Love's impassion'd pray'r,
The timid glance, the tender air;
The ardent vow so lightly kept,
Fly, ere of peace thy heart's bereft.

SWEET VILLAGE BELLS.

BALLAD.

BY GEORGE J. O. ALLMAN.

To one, who after years of toil
 Pass'd on a cold and friendless soil,
 And one, who in declining age
 To well remember'd scenes returns,
 In whom fond Mem'ry brightly burns
 Of happier hours in Life's dark page,
 There's no such sound its charm that tells
 As your soft tones—Sweet Village Bells.

Let others sing of "their own strand,"
 Or the "white cliffs of native land,"
 Tho' they are dear to them, oh, yet
 To me there's something in those chimes
 Brings back remembrance of past times;
 Thoughts that the heart can ne'er forget.
 For me in nought such magic dwells
 As in your sound—Sweet Village Bells.

LINES FOR MUSIC.

BY M. S. M.

Why beam those eyes with beauty bright,
 If they look not on me?
 Why sits that smile upon thy lip,
 So playful and so free?

Is't to entrap the heart of man
 That Nature form'd thee fair?
 Then should all gazers on those eyes
 Of Cupid's dart beware:—

And linger not too near thy bow'rs,
 For thou wilt sure beguile
 The bravest—with sweet witchery
 That lurks beneath thy smile!

But ne'er disport with Nature's gifts—
 Of Beauty be not vain;
 The sweetest rose with Time will fade,
 And never bloom again.

EPITAPH ON LAMAN BLANCHARD.

(From "Ainsworth's Magazine.")

Vir probus et justus jacet hic, qui vixit honeste:
 In medio vitæ sors inopina fuit;
 Supra alios homines scribendi doctus in arte;
 Quod scripsit pulchrum est; utile et inocuum.

AMICUS.

Musings of a Musician.

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

"Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;
 Notes, notes, forsooth, and nothing!"

SHAKESPEARE.

NO. XVIII.

MUSICAL INNOVATORS.

The present mode of education is so essentially different from that of the past century, that a specimen of the fine old schoolmaster, in his pristine state of ignorance and barbarism, is an animal rarely to be met with. The celebrated scholastic maxim of "spare the rod and spoil the child," so ably acted upon by these antiquated teachers of youth, has now fallen into utter contempt; and we are beginning rapidly to divide into two distinct classes; those who wisely spare the rod and spare the child, and those who unwisely spoil the rod and the child too.

But although in the interior of the country, and in parts where civilisation has not yet reached, we occasionally encounter examples of the latter class, they are fortunately few and far between; and but a short time will suffice to exterminate them; knowledge travels very fast by steam and railway; and, as a celebrated author very truly observes, society is now beginning to enact the part of a policeman, and so effectually to throw its bull's eye lantern into every nook and corner that few persons indeed, however remotely situated, can hope for long to escape its searching scrutiny.

With these new ideas upon the method of imparting what is sometimes called *book knowledge*, it is not to be expected that music should have remained idle. Our teachers are now beginning to understand that it must not be made a *task*; and the consequence is that many of the privileges of a *music-master*, which in the good old times were wont to make his pupils tremble, are now no more. The custom of knocking children on the knuckles with a ruler when they finger a passage badly, is positively on the decline; and the method of kicking the chairs and tables about the room when they play a wrong note, although still occasionally practised, is scarcely found as efficacious as it should be, considering the immense wear and tear of the furniture.

But although music, by the advanced method of teaching, is no longer considered to be a mystery, only to be learned by the aid of very large volumes, and only to be explained by gentlemen in very large wigs, much remains to be done before the art can become what it should be—a rational and intellectual pleasure to all. It is true that the size of the volumes has much decreased; and it is equally true that, in the present day, wigs are by no means regarded as outward marks of profound study; but a spirit of musical conservatism still exists, which we daily see strenuously opposing itself to the violent inroads of those who, unfettered by previous notions of their grandfathers and grandmothers, look upon clearness and simplicity as the great requisites in education.

If we take a dozen persons, promiscuously, and question them upon their fondness for music, we shall find that the reply of at least half of them will be that they "like to hear it." Now the fact is, that they have heard a great deal about *keys*, and *clefs*, and *flats*, and *sharps*, and *double-flats* and *double-sharps* and *enharmonic changes* (which they are told are no changes at all) and other matters, peculiar to our imperfect system of notation; and all these artificial obscurities are so mixed up in their mind and present such an uninviting prospect before them, that when they say they "like to hear music," they simply mean that they would *rather not learn it*; they know that the fruit can be plucked, but they would prefer not to encounter the thorny hedge which surrounds it.

Seeing, therefore, the innumerable difficulties which have hitherto been almost considered a part and parcel of the art, musical innovators have lately arisen who bid fair to form a new musical world from the chaos which at present exists. *Rationality* is conspicuous in these inventions; and few persons who will calmly sit down and divest themselves of the last remnant of the tie-wig school, will attempt to deny that "if they could be brought to bear" the greatest good would follow. Of the possibility of their "being brought to bear" I have something to observe anon: at present let us hastily glance at the innovations themselves.

I have before had occasion to mention the *transposing piano forte*, which, having the power at any moment of placing before the performer a keyboard arranged *precisely according to the scale he may require*, is one of the greatest annihilators of *dignity* conceivable. There will be no longer any credit in writing in six sharps or five flats, when, by a mere motion of the hand, the *piano forte* is instantly in the key indicated by the signature: it will be the same as writing in C major or A minor; and the only possible reason that a composer can have for using such a remote key as A flat minor, for instance, must then be that it sounds absolutely better in that key than in any other.

If our educated ears require that all diatonic scales should be arranged in a certain order of tones and half tones, how comes it that we have so cleverly managed matters as to make a page of music appear (to all but the deeply learned) a mass of inextricable confusion? How comes it, as all keys are really equally natural, that a raised interval in what we absurdly term a *flat key* is called a *natural*; and that certain notes, of which we have all learned the names, are unceremoniously rechristened for a time, and called *double-sharps* to other notes, to which, before, they bore no kind of resemblance? If Mr. Jones be really entitled to his name, he can put a brass plate upon his door and proclaim it to all the world: he does not usually consent to become Mr. Smith for a day or two, to accommodate some friend who has got into trouble. All these matters, I say, are necessitated by our artificial and unsystematic method of notation, which compels us to adhere to strict alphabetical order whatever may be the absurdities forced upon us by so doing. The *transposing piano forte* throws a gleam of common sense upon the subject, and we should therefore profit by the occasion to look about us. The chief

objections I have heard against this invention are, first, that "it might get out of tune;" secondly, that it is *very well for lazy people*;" and thirdly, that "it would injure pianoforte teaching."

More radical and perplexing to musical conservatives, however, than the transposing pianoforte, and the reform which marks most distinctly the coming of a new era, is the *Sequential System of Notation*, lately propounded by Mr. Arthur Wallbridge, and brought forward with the avowed intention of setting us all to relearn our musical alphabet.

The author of this system clears ruthlessly away all the time-honoured and well-beloved absurdities and intricacies of music, as it now appears on paper, and rears on the ruins a simple and rational structure, in accordance with the natural foundations of the art and its present advanced requirements. Sharp and flat keys are discarded, and all keys are rendered *natural*; leger lines, above and below, appear not; but all notes are written in a staff of three lines; clefs, with their arbitrary and unsatisfactory functions, are dismissed with contempt, and their place supplied by a *key-note*, which points out clearly, and *secundum artem*, the pitch of the notes which follow it; *times* are reduced to two, and no more; crotchets and quavers undergo a thorough reformation; and a few signs supersede all the pretty Italian words now employed so profusely by composers. The transposing pianoforte on this system would be rendered *perfect*; and the reading and performance of music for this instrument (says our author) would be a mere bagatelle. Seven notes to be remembered on paper; one major scale and one minor scale to be fingered on the pianoforte; and all is learned: practice would soon make perfect, and able pianists would be as plentiful as blackberries. What a direct insult to Thalberg! what a sneer on the wondrous performance of Liszt! Who would make a fame then by playing out-of-the-way things in out-of-the-way keys? We should be reduced at once to the disagreeable necessity of criticising the *composition* instead of the *performance*, and music would become intelligible to the meanest capacity: in a word, the *Sequential System of Notation* is the one thing now wanting; and, based as it is on *truth*, can neither be kept back by opposition nor silence. The only argument I have heard against this innovation is that musicians who have been educated on the present system *cannot read in the new one*.

I will just say a few words on the *powerful* objections urged against these improvements, and then I have finished. Respecting the *transposing pianoforte*, we are told that it *might get out of tune*; that it is *very well for lazy people*; and that it *would injure pianoforte teaching*. Now, with regard to the first of these, considering that the hammers are never moved at all, it can matter very little what key is made to communicate with the said hammers; and it is puzzling, indeed, to understand what is to put the piano out of tune on this, any more than on the present, system. The second objection, that it is *very well for lazy people*, I at once acknowledge the justice of; and most unhesitatingly enrol myself amongst the *lazy*: life is short, and we have other matters to attend to besides music, if we be intellectual beings: if, therefore, I can be shown a nearer way of arriving at an object than has been hitherto imagined possible, I not only take it myself, but most earnestly invite others to do the same. The third objection, that it *would injure pianoforte teaching*, is as futile as the preceding two. The cry of *injuring teaching* is one that is invariably raised as soon as any thing tending to popularise the art is mentioned. The promenades concerts, when they were first established, were railed at by the very orchestral performers who now look to them as a source of income. If performance on any instrument can be in the slightest degree facilitated, it is the *very best* thing that can occur for teachers; and when time enough has elapsed for the new ideas to become generally diffused, professors will wonder how they could ever have ranked with the opposition.

With regard to the *Sequential System of Notation*, it is said that musicians, who have been educated on the present system, *cannot read in the new*. On this principle it is obvious that the Greek language is an absurdity, because those persons who have studied only English, cannot decipher a page of Greek. If this were not *meant* as an objection, I can only say, in the words of Dr. Johnson:—"Sir, if you do not *mean* any thing, do not *say* any thing."

In conclusion, I believe that these two important innovations—other innovations which I know to be in progress, but am not at liberty to describe—and other innovations yet to be conceived, will ultimately reduce music to a simple and rational science, and that very shortly too. Like poor Sindbad the Sailor, who was compelled so long to stagger under the weight of the "old man of the island," we have hitherto been forced to bear a burthen of musical absurdity, the accumulated growth of ages. The draughts of rationality, however, so repeatedly administered in the present day, will so effectually weaken our encumbrance, that, if we do not cast it from our shoulders and move forward freely in future, the true moral of the Arabian tale will have been utterly lost upon us.

Original Correspondence.

YORK MINSTER ORGAN.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Manchester 25th April, 1845.

Sir,

In your last there appeared a letter from Messrs. Allerston and Pickwell, in which allusion is made to a letter of mine in one of your February numbers. They do not, however, attempt to *answer* any of my statements, but endeavour to turn off the subject, especially that part of it which relates to Dr. Camidge's important and, to other organs, wholly inapplicable, "chance discovery," (mind, Mr. Printer, *discovery not invention*), by talking about clairvoyance, and informing us who tunes or has the charge of tuning the "York Organ." I said that Dr. Camidge, it seemed, had at last found out that his organ wanted more mixtures, and I now say, that any one acquainted with the subject could have predicted the deficiency upon merely an inspection of the specification, nor can it be urged in extenuation of the oversight, that it was "the doctor's" first essay at organ planning. Now with respect to the pamphlet, I still maintain that it is "a description of what the Organ is to be, if funds can be obtained," as the publishers deny this and state (vide pamphlet) that their object in publishing was "to set the public right, as to the relative dimensions and powers" of the York and Birmingham Organs, on account of "the unscrupulous violations of truth, which have been so widely disseminated" respecting the latter instrument, let us see how they have discharged the "duty" they deemed "incumbent" on them. At page 8, the York Organ is stated (at the time of publication) to have "80 complete ranks of pipes through the manuals." This is repeated in the "Analysis," which, and one or two pages before and after, it must be borne in mind, are "the portion which actually proceeded from the doctor's pen"—whilst it is confessed at page 10, that a number of the stops thus included, (namely, those marked with an asterisk) *are only about being added*, the "Pausaune Tuba" being the only one, the "immediate addition" of which was secure! The York Organ is thus made to appear to have about 14 ranks more than it really possesses. The opposite course is taken with the Birmingham Organ. That fine instrument has a pedal organ of 15 stops or 23 ranks of pipes. Dr. Camidge allows it only 3 stops and 3 ranks! He also totally omits the stops in the combination organs, the Harmonica, Vox-humana, claribella, carillons, &c. Of course, by this process, it is brought down pretty low in "the analysis." Besides, why take the Haerlem Organ as a specimen of the Instrument on the Continent? It is notorious, that there are very many which exceed it greatly. I will mention only two, full accounts of which have been given in the *Musical World*. The organ in the Church of Saint Sulpice, at Paris, which has five rows of pipes, besides the pedal keys and 103 ranks of pipes;—and that at Weingarten, built about the middle of last century, which has four rows of manuals, besides pedals, with 116 ranks on the former, and 26 on the latter, making a total of 142 pipes on each pedal key; this throws the York Organ completely into the back ground. Dr. Camidge (p. 15), dilates, with rapture, on the "gloriously joyous and exhilarating sound of this magnificent organ when its fullest powers are brought out. "It aids, he says, (without overpowering the voices) and encourages the choir to swell louder and yet more loud"—the idea is too ludicrous to be dwelt upon, it reminds me most forcibly of the fable adduced by Messrs. Allerston and Pickwell: take care, O ye half score of men, and ye half score of lads, that you do not swell and swell, till, in your endeavour to rival this "unrivalled organ," you fulfil the sequel of the old story. Now for one specimen of the ignorance displayed in the pamphlet; at page 10, we are informed that principals, quintas, 4 rank cornettas, &c., all belong to the "reed portion of an organ, and that these stops, together with the clarion and cornepean, "have only very lately been invented by Mr. Hill!" In conclusion, as "the doctor," it appears, is too proud to answer what he is unable to controvert, at least, in his own name, I will ask Messrs. Allerston and Pickwell one question, and I give them full permission to invoke the aid of their "kind friend;"—my question is, Who was the "Saint Peter of York," whom they mention in their last letter? Should you, Sir, favour me with the insertion of this lengthy epistle in an early number of your excellent periodical, you will much oblige

Your Subscriber and constant reader.

B. J.

CARTE versus CLINTON.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

April 30th, 1845.

Sir,

An observation in the letter from an "Unbiased Amateur" relative to my statement, that Mr. Clinton's Essay was written exclusively for an innovation on the Boehm flute, and not for the Boehm flute itself, calls

for an answer from me, inasmuch as it imputes a malicious motive on my part. I can assure you, Sir, that this is not the case; I made the remark alluded to simply in consequence of my disappointment in purchasing the Essay of Mr. Clinton, which purports to be for the Boehm flute; for I found it not adapted to the instrument I play on, which is made by M. Boehm himself. The instructions, gamuts, diapasons, and exercises, throughout, are written only for a modification of the Boehm flute of French contrivance, which alteration is condemned by M. Boehm; and I cannot find in any part of this work a single allusion to any other. I still repeat that Mr. Clinton, in common honesty, ought to have mentioned that his Essay was intended for the Boehm flute modified, so that persons, like myself, possessing the *veritable* Boehm flute, and those desirous of possessing it, might not have been misled—or, at least, he ought to have pointed out the existence of another. To say that the essay was written for flutes as manufactured by Messrs. Rudall and Rose does not alter the case, for these manufacturers make both kinds, though the first issued by them was according to Boehm's own principle and like that in my possession. *Unbiased Amateur's* endeavour to clear "Professor's" mis-statement as to Mr. Carte, as well as others, taking up M. Boehm's flute in consequence of reading this essay, is an admission that "Professor" was in error, for he states, that Mr. Clinton possessed the instrument previous to Mr. Carte, which is quite another thing and not to the purpose. It must however be evident, that the two letters came from the same pen, although under different significations; that of "Professor" being no longer of any avail since he has not given his real name, in compliance with Mr. Carte's most reasonable requisition—a tacit acknowledgment of the weakness of his cause.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

AN ADMIRER OF THE BOEHM FLUTE.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,

I beg to call the attention of your numerous readers to the careless manner in which the service is performed in St. Paul's Cathedral during the week. There are never more than eight boys, and more frequently only five are to be seen, who, considering the constant practice they have, would astonish any body by their total ignorance of time. In fact, as a proof of their bad singing, or bad voices, perhaps both combined, our beautiful anthems, which are composed for a treble, are never sung by any of these young gentlemen, but are transposed for the tenor or counter tenor, generally speaking for the former gentleman, who is considered to have a most beautiful voice, which he certainly has, but, owing to his habit of coming into the choir much later than is usual, that is in the middle of the Psalms, the congregation do not hear as much of him as they should. The counter tenor has also a beautiful voice, and, if it were not for these two, I do not know how St. Paul's would get on. They have not got any voice like a bass, except one who only comes on a Sunday, and who is a dreadful bad singer, almost as bad as the boys. There is nothing more solemn than our simple but beautiful service when carefully performed; and, on the other hand, nothing more repugnant and cold than a service performed in a slovenly or inefficient manner, as I grieve to say is the case in this instance. In a country cathedral one would not be so surprised, but in the metropolitan cathedral it is truly disgraceful.

I remain, yours,

E. LULLI.

MUSICA VERSUS MOLINEUX.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Dear Sir,

London, April 20th, 1845.

I trust you will permit me to say a few words in answer to the long letter in the *Musical World* of April last, signed "J. Molineux." That gentleman has taken upon himself (very gratuitously) the office of censuring the opinions advanced in my letters, or, as he elegantly designates them, my "notions." For his kind intentions in doing this he has my best thanks, but it may, perhaps, be as well to consider if the correctness of his own opinions, and the accuracy of his own "notions," qualify him for the office. To the improper use of the word *interval* in the passages quoted from my letter, I plead guilty. A single note is, indisputably, not an *interval*, but in speaking of the relation of

that note to another, the term is appropriate; the latter is the sense in which I have used it. The fact of the word being employed in the same way in nearly all theoretical works may be some excuse, but the error is so unimportant (as it has not even obscured my meaning) that it is scarcely worth excusing, or indeed censuring. There is an inconsistency in many of Mr. Molineux's statements which prevents my considering his "notions" satisfactory, although "corroborated," as he tells us, by the unquestionable authority of Mr. Smith, of his town, (Liverpool). For instance—in one of his letters he expresses the greatest contempt for those men "who lay any stress on diatonic and chromatic major and minor semitones"; and then, very learnedly, explains to us that there are "eight different extent of semitone, and that the largest two are the chromatic, and the smallest two the diatonic semitones." Again—after being at very vast pains, and resorting to the minute divisions of 1-37th of a tone, 1-48th of a tone, 1-96th of a tone, &c., &c., to explain the nature of the enharmonic scale, he "feels himself in a position to repeat that we have no enharmonic scale." This alternate building up, and pulling down, system of harmony, bears a close analogy to, and forcibly reminds me of, the elegant game of *shittles*, in which every *pin* is carefully and separately raised, to afford the enlightened pleasure of being again upset. I cannot subscribe to Mr. Molineux's "notion" that the enharmonic scale is either a "*chimera*" or a "*delusion*;" it is perhaps, as a genera, not appreciable on the organ, pianoforte, or wind instruments; but the voice, violin, &c., are fully competent for its interpretation. It is also of some use in elucidating an author's meaning. Suppose a pupil of Mr. Molineux's, under the full conviction that G sharp and A flat are synonymous and receive the same interpretation, to write a composition in which he introduces a properly prepared and resolved chord of the extreme sharp sixth—say on F—but instead of F, A, D, sharp, writes F, A, E, flat. Mr. Molineux would, doubtless, "have to inform him" that a dominant seventh on F, being neither indicated by the preceding matter, nor accounted for by the succeeding, is entirely out of place, and therefore erroneous. Yet what difference is there between the D sharp and E flat, which renders necessary an entirely different mode of preparation and resolution?—Simply the enharmonic diesis, or quarter tone. Should Mr. Molineux ever again read my letter in No. 5 of the *Musical World*, he will find a quotation from a clever work entitled "*Lucidus Ordo*," which describes the enharmonic scale to be anything but *adventitious, unassociable, or out of tune*. Nor are these qualities attributed to it in "*Keeble's treatise on Harmonics*," although that work is almost as remarkable for mathematical (mis)calculations, and nothing-at-all-to-the-purpose reasoning, as Mr. Molineux's letters. I abstain from remarking on the long jumble in the last part of Mr. Molineux's letter about *quadrantals—trientals—and supernaturals, meteorology—trientology—quadrantology—enharmonicology—interlunarium* (lunaticism?) &c., &c., that part being so entirely unconnected with music, and so evidently only intended to show off the writer's learning. But I wish, in concluding, to acquaint Mr. Molineux with a fact, of which, at present, he appears ignorant, namely—that mathematics is *not* music; and that the power to solve an algebraic problem, is not always accompanied by the ability to write a good opera or oratorio. Accompanying a perfect knowledge of this art, a fertile genius, and a warm imagination, are the musician's best possessions. As the presence of these qualities is incompatible with a mind fitted for minute calculations, we generally find a good musician a bad mathematician, and a good mathematician a bad musician. Indeed, the only style of composition in which it is reasonable to expect a mathematician to excel, is that execrable invention, so much lauded by Mr. Flowers, yclept the *alla capella fugue*.

I am, dear Sir,

Most respectfully yours,

MUSICA.

Provincial Intelligence.

LIVERPOOL.—The Messrs. Distin gave two concerts on Monday and Tuesday, at the Royal Assembly Rooms, Great George Street, which were very fully and respectfully attended. They performed several of their favourite pieces on the Sax-horns. Mr. Perring accompanied on the pianoforte, and sang several songs; and Mr. Theodore Distin gave a German song. These gentlemen also sang a duet, from *Belisario*. Each evening's entertainment terminated soon after ten o'clock.—*Liverpool Mail*.

WORCESTER.—The Festival of the present year will take place about a month earlier than usual; the days appointed are Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, August 26, 27, and 28, the ball taking place on Friday, the 29th. The arrangements will be as follows:—On Monday morning a rehearsal of the Sacred Music, in the Cathedral; in the evening, a rehearsal of the Concert Music, in the College Hall. On Tuesday morning the full cathedral service, with the *Dettingen Te Deum*, and a sermon in behalf of the charity, for relief of widows and orphans of clergymen of the dioceses of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester. On Tuesday evening Handel's "*Acis and Galatea*" entire, at the College Hall, after which a selection of concert pieces. On Wednesday morning, Spohr's "*Last Judgment*" with a chronological selection of Cathedral anthems. In the evening a Miscellaneous Concert at the College Hall. On Thursday morning Handel's "*Messiah*," at the Cathedral. Mendelssohn's "*First Walpurgis Night*" will form the principal feature of the evening concert on Thursday at the College Hall. There will also be a selection of concert music afterwards. On Friday evening a grand ball either at the Guildhall or the County Courts. The band chosen from the performers at the Queen's Theatre and the Philharmonic concerts, will be led by Mr. Loder. Mr. Done, organist of Worcester Cathedral will be the conductor, and amongst the engagements completed with vocalists we may mention Misses Williams, Miss Whitnall, and Messrs. Young, Hobbs, Pearsall, and Machin. Herr Staudigl is engaged as principal basso, and will take the part of Polyphemus in "*Acis and Galatea*."

The concert given by the Worcester Instrumental Society, afforded a treat to the lovers of harmony and succeeded admirably. The Assembly Room at the Guildhall was filled by a fashionable auditory. The scheme for the evening reflected credit upon all parties engaged therein. The orchestra was composed exclusively of local artists and amateurs, and comprised about sixty performers. The concert opened with Cimarosa's overture to "*Il Matrimonio Segreto*." Beethoven's Sinfonia in C, afforded a rich treat to the admirers of instrumental composition. The "*Masaniello*" overture, Romberg's "*Alla Turca*" sinfonia, and the overture to "*Prometheus*" were all rendered with discriminating judgment. Mr. J. H. D'Egville played one of De Beriot's violin solos with neatness and precision. Ford's old madrigal, "Since first I saw your face," was beautifully given by a choral band of some thirty members of our local Harmonic Society. Purcell's chorus from *King Arthur*, "Hither, hither," was effectively rendered, but the gem of the evening was the madrigal, composed by Festa more than 300 years ago, "Down in a flow'ry vale," which was rapturously encored. Morley's "Now in the month of Maying" was also deservedly encored. The chorus from *Der Freischütz* "Victoria," concluded the concert. The band was led by Mr. D'Egville, and the choir by Mr. Done, organist of the cathedral.—*Worcestershire Guardian*.

BELFAST.—The last concert of this season was given by the "Anacreontic Society," in the Music Hall, on Monday evening, to a numerous and fashionable auditory. In addition to Miss Dolby, who had become so deserved a favourite amongst us, by her delightful singing, at one of the Society's concerts last year, the Society had secured the services of Mdle. Schloss. Mr. Lidel was among the instrumentalists; his solo on the violoncello elicited a rapturous encore. Great credit is due to Mr. Murray, the talented leader of the Society, for the efficient manner in which the orchestral music was performed, particularly Beethoven's symphony in D, and the overture to *Oberon*, which was played in a style that would have done credit to a metropolitan band. Mr. Murray played a solo on the violin—"Introduction and Polonaise," by Mayseider. Mademoiselle Schloss gave the scena from *Der Freischütz*, "*Wie nahte mir der schlönnener*," in the most effective manner. She also sang a German air, by Schubert, "*Das Fischermädchen*," with great taste; and Mozart's "*Parlo*." There is a purity and chasteness in the style of Mademoiselle Schloss, which is truly refreshing. Of Miss Dolby we could speak and speak on, and never tire. Her easy manner and consummate skill, her delicious voice and exquisite taste, render her an ornament to the vocal profession. She sang a cavatina of Donizetti, *Roberto Devereux*, "*L'amor suo mi fa*," in a most finished manner, exhibiting her fine voice in all its varieties; and in the English ballad, "In Forest Glade," there was a vivacity of expression that produced a rapturous encore. In the duets, "*Come te piace*," and "*Schöln holt fest*," Mdle. Schloss and Miss Dolby elicited bursts of applause. We must not omit to mention Mr. Dalton's accompaniment, which was all that could be desired. And now, one word at parting, for the musical season, to thank the "Anacreontic Society" for the high gratification they have given to their friends.—The members of the Society sang two glees—"Hail smiling morn," and "Breathe my harp,"—in a style that shewed them to have studied well.—*Northern Whig*.

BRISTOL.—Mr. Horncastle's lectures reflect credit not only on himself but on the committee, who appear desirous of showing the variety of instruction and entertainment which may be calculated on by the establishment of the Athenæum. The lectures were given on the mornings of Thursday, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and repeated on the evenings of each day. Mr. Horncastle introduced his subject by some remarks on the origin of melody—the primitive and rural music of Ireland—the musical tone of the Irish mind—their fondness for song—the peculiarities of Irish melody—the resemblance of some of them to those of Eastern nations—and the method taken to preserve the melodies of Ireland without notation. Each department was illustrated either by songs or glees, by Miss Cubitt, Miss Porter, and Mr. Horncastle. Miss Le Roy performed on the harp. Mr. Horncastle, both in his exemplifications and his lectures, exhibited perfect acquaintance with his subject. *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*.

MANCHESTER.—The committee of the Lancashire and Philharmonic Institution have made arrangements for a series of weekly concerts, on a scale of magnitude never before attempted in Manchester. Their object is to give to the working classes especially an opportunity of enjoying the best music of the greatest masters, given by the *élite* of our resident professional vocalists and instrumentalists, occasionally with the aid of eminent artists from a distance, and free from the dangerous accompaniments with which the growing love of music in these classes must necessarily be attended in the music saloon of the public-house or the gin-shop. To this end the committee have engaged the Free-trade Hall, and propose to give in that room a series of Saturday evening concerts. The Mayor of Manchester has consented to preside.—*Manchester Guardian*.

CHELTEMHAM.—Mr. Woodward's concert took place on Friday evening at the Assembly Rooms. The attendance was not so large as might have been expected. Vieuxtemps merits all the encomiums which have been awarded him. Miss Dolby, Miss E. Birch, Mr. Calkin, and John Parry were the vocalists.

Mrs. Alban Croft's concert took place at the Assembly Rooms. The audience was select. Mr. Cianchetti presided at the piano, and Mr. Royal performed solos on the flute. Of the vocalists, only one was a stranger—Mr. Reeves, who possesses a tenor voice of admirable quality. Mr. and Mrs. Croft have long been favourably known to the public. Their son, who took part in a Terzetto last night, is a promising lad.—*Cheltenham Chronicle*.

Miscellaneous.

CAMILLO SIVORI, the celebrated violinist, has returned to town for the season, and will play at the Philharmonic concert on Monday.

MR. WILSON, THE SCOTTISH VOCALIST, was summoned to the state ball given by Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent on the 18th instant, and sang in the presence of her Majesty the popular Scottish airs of "Auld Robin Gray," "The Birks of Aberfeldie," "Lizze Lindsay," and the "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu." Mr. Wilson had the high gratification to receive from her Majesty herself the expression of her extreme approbation of the manner in which he had sung the beautiful airs of his native land.

MASTER SEBASTIAN BACH MILLS, of whom we spoke in a recent number as a classical prodigy, has been playing at Drury Lane Theatre for the benefit of Mr. Sapio, with the greatest success.

A MUSICAL FESTIVAL is in the course of organization to be held at Würzburg in August next, in which sixteen hundred vocalists are to take part.

MRS. SALMON.—We regret that this celebrated vocalist is suffering from the extremest poverty. To those who remember how splendid were her talents but a few years since, we feel assured that any further appeal to their sympathies will be unnecessary, than the fact that she is at the present moment in a state of almost hopeless misery. A former sum of £120 was raised by subscription, and invested in an annuity of £12., which is paid to her in weekly instalments of four shillings and sevenpence halfpenny. And this sum has been her sole means of dependence. Her Majesty, with her usual benevolence, has transmitted a sum towards her relief—and many charitably-disposed persons have followed the august example. Mr. John Oxenford is the treasurer, and will, we feel satisfied, devote any sums he may receive to the best advantage of the indigent and aged songstress. Subscriptions will be received at the principal music-shops.—(*Morning Post*.)

EXETER HALL.—The first performance for the season of Haydn's "Creation" took place on Friday night week at Exeter Hall, before a crowded audience. The execution of the music was admirable. The vocalists were Miss Birch, Herr Staudigl, and Mr. Manvers. Miss Birch was in fine voice, and sang the recitative and air "On mighty wings," with great power. Staudigl was encoined in "Now heaven in fullest glory shone." Mr. Manvers did his best to conceal the effects of a severe cold under which he laboured. The chorus, "Achieved is the glorious work," was magnificently rendered; and the final chorus, "Praise ye the Lord," was equally well interpreted by the soloists—Miss Birch, Miss E. Byers, Herr Staudigl, and Mr. Manvers—and the choir. Mr. Surman conducted steadily and promptly, and the whole performance was deserving warm encomium. At a quarter to ten o'clock the oratorio was concluded.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—The third performance took place on Wednesday the 30th ult., at the Hanover Square Rooms, under the direction of His Grace the Archbishop of York. Conductor, Sir Henry Bishop; leader, Mr. Loder. The following was the programme:—

PART I.	
Selection from "Creation"	Haydn.
Aria, Mdlle. Brambilla, "Inquesta tomba"	Beethoven.
Hymn, full choir, "Alla Trinita beata" (1545)	
Air, Madame Caradori, "Angels ever bright"	Handel.
Motet, "Lord, on thee depends our lot"	Himmel.
Air, Miss Birch, "Let the bright seraphim"	Handel.
Prayer, Herr Staudigl, "Vater, ich rufedich"	Himmel.
Chorus, "Gloria in excelsis Deo"	Beethoven.
PART II.	
Overture, (<i>Zaira</i>)	Winter.
National Anthem, "Lord of Heaven"	Haydn.
Air, Herr Staudigl, "In diesen heil'gen Hallen"	Mozart.
Rect. and Air, Madame Caradori, "Idol mio"	Paisiello.
Terzetto, Miss Birch, Brambilla, and Staudigl (<i>Faniska</i>)	Cherubini.
Chorus and Solo, "Non sdegnare, O belle Venere"	Gluck.
Aria, Mdlle. Brambilla, "Ombra adorata"	Zingarelli.
March, (<i>Henri Quatre</i>)	Martini.
Duet, Caradori and Staudigl, "La dove prende"	Mozart.
Grand Chorus, "The Lord shall reign" (solo, Miss Birch)	Handel.

MR. LATOUR.—Last week, in Paris, died, at an advanced age, Mr. Latour, once a popular teacher of and writer for the pianoforte; also pianist to the Prince Regent, and for some years partner with Mr. Chappell, music publisher, New Bond Street. Mr. Latour had realized a handsome fortune, which, however, was greatly reduced of late, owing to imprudent speculations.

ROYAL TOKEN TO MR. LUMLEY.—Her Majesty the Queen Dowager has sent Mr. Lumley, the enterprising lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre, a handsome gold snuff-box, surmounted with her initials in brilliants, and also a letter expressive of her high sense of gratification with the munificence and skilful manner in which the opera has been conducted under Mr. Lumley's direction. The letter also indicates that Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and H. R. H. Prince Albert are desirous of conveying their approval of Mr. Lumley's management through the same channel. If spirit and liberality be elements of wise management, this testimony of royal approbation is well merited by Mr. Lumley.

MR. MUHLENFELDT has announced his concert for Wednesday evening, May 21, at the concert-room of the Princess's Theatre. Mr. Muhlenfeldt, in addition to the attraction of his own performances on the pianoforte, has secured a host of vocal and instrumental talent of a high order, and we have no doubt of his concert being an overflowing one—as was the case last year. Mr. Muhlenfeldt is well known in musical circles as an excellent pianist and an accomplished musician, and his published compositions, though rare, speak well for his musical feeling. The particulars of the concert will be seen in our advertisement sheet.

POPULAR CONCERTS AT ST. PETERSBURG.—(*From a correspondent.*) There is about to start from Berlin a company (*band?*) of musicians for the above metropolis, who are engaged to perform monster concerts at the Vauxhall of the *Zankaje-Selo* railway station. They consist of twenty-eight musicians, or rather *concertists*, who are to form the number of a large body to be added at St. Petersburg, and are headed by Mr. John Goungel, the well-known musical leader. His guaranteed salary is 10,000 Prussian dollars (£1500) per month, with two benefits. [*Apropos.* If some of our talented and spirited London artists were to make a similar excursion to Rio de Janeiro, they would confer a benefit on the infant civilization of this lovely land—improve in their own experience, and derive an adequate pecuniary emolument.]—J. L.

LE DESERT.—A fourth and last performance of this work took place on Monday morning at Her Majesty's Theatre. It was preceded by the following selection of music of a different order, which served to bring out its insignificance in strong relief:—

Pastoral Symphony	BEETHOVEN.
The Hunting Chorus (Eurynanthe)	WEBER.
"Les Hirondelles, Sig. Moriani"	DAVID.
"Lascia amor Segue Marte," Sig. Lablache ..	HANDEL.
Chorus, "I cieli immensi narrano"	MARTINI.
Duo, "Crudel perche Fin'ora," Madlle. Rosetti and Sig. F. Lablache	MOZART.
Let the bright Seraphim, Madame Castellan, (Trumpet Obligato, Mr. Harper)	HANDEL.
La Carita (Grand Chorus)	ROSSINI.
Overture, Anacreon	CHERUBINI.

We never heard the *Pastorale* go so well; it was positive magic.

We beg leave distinctly to deny the authorship of a certain detailed criticism of the *Desert*, which appeared in the *Morning Post*, and which has been maliciously attributed to us by the ex-critic of that journal, in a weekly print which he conducts, for purposes sufficiently manifest to render farther notice superfluous.

PHILHARMONIC.—Sir Henry Bishop has resigned the conductorship of the Philharmonic Concerts, and the vacant place has been accepted by Mr. Moscheles.

MISS RAINFORTH'S BENEFIT.—Drury-lane Theatre was crowded on Tuesday night, the 29th ult., at the benefit of Miss Rainforth. This lady is an eminent favourite of the British public, and has arrived at that distinction by uniting two qualities most essential to the successful career of an artist, viz., untiring perseverance in the study of her art, and a deportment universally lady-like and amiable. By these Miss Rainforth has gained a host of friends in public and private. She commenced her musical studies under Mr. T. Cooke, and, in the histrionic department had the advantage, for a considerable time, of the advice and tuition of Mrs. Davison. Since then Miss Rainforth has studied with Signor Crivelli, and she may at present be termed, without flattery, a graceful and natural actress, and a vocalist of first rate attainments. Nature has not been so liberal to Miss Rainforth as to some others we could name among our popular singers, but though her voice be not remarkable for power or volume, it is clear and sweet, of extended range, and wrought into perfect pliability by the force of study and the advantage of experience. Miss Rainforth is also remarked among musicians for her highly cultivated taste in matters of art, and, as an exemplification of this, we may adduce the fact of her presenting Beethoven's sublime opera of *Fidelio* on the occasion of her benefit. The character of *Leonora* is one of the most arduous in the range of German opera, and has taxed the powers of the greatest singers of the continent. Miss Rainforth undertook it, however, with her accustomed enthusiasm, and threw her whole soul into the part. She lacked nothing but purely physical power to have made her representation perfect. *Leonora*, in her hands, is gentle and feminine amidst all her energy, and the woman is seen through the more than woman's actions. Miss Rainforth thus avoided the general fault of the German personifiers of *Leonora*, and greatly enhanced the poetry of the part. Her execution of the music was marked by energy and feeling, variety of expression, and thorough comprehension of the subtleties of the score. Nothing could have been better than her acting and singing in the quartet of the second act. The part of *Don Pizarro* was allotted to Herr Staudigl, who was received with tumultuous applause. His pronunciation of the English language has greatly improved since last we heard him. The parts of *Rocco*, *Fernando*, *Florestano*, *Jaquino*, and *Marcelline*, were respectively supported by Mr. Stretton, Mr. F. Gardner, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Horncastle, and Miss Poole. In all that respects the execution of Beethoven's music, chorally and orchestrally, nothing could have been worse; and it requires a marvellous faith in the composer to believe, under the infliction of such merciless mangling, that *Fidelio* is the greatest opera ever written. Miss Rainforth was called before the curtain to receive the congratulations of the audience, and a similar honour was conferred upon Herr Staudigl. After *Fidelio* a concert of vocal and instrumental music took place, supported by several popular artists. Among the *morceaux* worthy notice, was a duet for two pianofortes, by Madame Dulcken and M. Benedict, admirably performed, and loudly applauded—Weber's cavatina, "Oh Araby, dear Araby," exquisitely sung by Miss Dolby, and encored—a ballad from Méhul's *Joseph*, for which the fine declamatory singing of Miss Hawes won an encore—a German *lied* by Küken, which gave a new singer, Herr Oberhoffer, lately arrived from the continent, an opportunity of displaying a splendid baritone voice, and classical style—a duet, "Tell, sister, tell," by Clement White, which, by its own captivating melody, and the dramatic singing of the clever Misses Williams, gained unanimous applause—an *aria* of Donizetti, by Miss Barrett, who, in addition to a soprano voice of lovely

quality and great power, indicates, by feeling and enthusiasm, a decided promise of future excellence—and, finally, a new extravaganza, called *Matrimony*, by John Parry, whose rich humour forced a tumultuous encore. The farce of *Deaf as a Post* followed the concert, and concluded the evening's entertainments.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER arrived in town, on Sunday, for the season. He played for the first time, on Tuesday morning, at the concert of Mad. Caradori Allan, and electrified the audience with his *Marche Marocaine*, a composition full of wild character, and abounding in preposterous impossibilities. An introduction, *Andante Rubato*, gave M. de Meyer an opportunity of manifesting to great advantage the exceeding beauty of his touch—the perfect roundness of his tone—the astonishing elasticity of his fingers. A duet with the celebrated violinist, Vieuxtemps, on airs from *Guillaume Tell* was a no less wonderful feat of mechanism. Violinist and pianist vied with each other in raising the wonder and delight of the listeners. The duet purports to be the composition of De Beriot and Osborne, but as played on Tuesday, certainly appertained in a greater measure to Vieuxtemps and Leopold de Meyer. Scarcely a bar of the original but was multiplied into impossibility by a coruscation of astounding difficulties. The performers were honoured by frequent and unanimous bursts of applause. M. de Meyer is engaged to play to-morrow morning, at Signor Puzzi's concert, and in the evening, at Signor Maggioni's. He is also announced at the principle fashionable concerts of the season, and among others, the morning concert of M. Benedict, and that of the fashionable vocalist Signor Brizzi, both at Her Majesty's Theatre.

BUNDLE OF NEWS.—BAROILHET.—The *basso cantante* of the Académie Royale will shortly arrive in London to fulfil his engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre; he will debut in Donizetti's *La Favorita*. MADAME DORUS GRAS took her final leave of L'Académie Royale at her benefit on Saturday last. Levasseur also retires from this theatre. MR. AND MRS. BALFE have arrived in town, accompanied by M. de St. Georges, the object of whose visit is to superintend the translation and production of his libretto of Mr. Balfé's new opera at Drury Lane Theatre, the first representation of which is to take place about the 18th instant. Madame Thillon will take the principal character. The English version is from the pen of Alfred Bunn, Esq. MUSARD, the director of the Quadrille Orchestra in Paris, will shortly arrive in town to conduct the concerts at Vauxhall Gardens, which will open on the 12th instant. MADAME GRISI, who brought an action against M. Vatel, the director of the Italian Opera at Paris, for retaining 10,000 francs of her salary, in consequence of her refusing to play the second part in the *Matrimonio Segreto* at Lablache's benefit, has been cast in damages, the *Tribunal de Commerce* deciding M. Vatel to have this claim upon her engagement. Madame Grisi intends taking her cause before the *Cour Royale*. THE SECOND SEANCE of Beethoven's Quartets, on Monday evening, comprised the third in D, the seventh in F, and the sixteenth in C sharp minor. The performers were M. M. Vieuxtemps, Sainton, Hill, and Rousselot:—the execution was perfection. THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS' DINNER is fixed for to-morrow. HERR FISCHECK, the eminent German bass singer, arrived on Friday last. THE SISTERS MILANOLLO, are expected daily. SIGNOR ERNESTO CAVALLINI, the eminent Clarinetist, will make his first appearance in this country, for the season, at Her Majesty's Theatre, to-night, after the "Don Giovanni." He is accompanied by Signor Gualtiero Sanella, a tenor singer and composer from La Scala. —(Olivier's Concert Journal.)

MR. WILLIAM SHERRINGTON.—We regret to announce the death of this respectable member of the musical profession, which occurred at Guildford last week, aged sixty-two. He had been a member of the Royal Society of Musicians for thirty-nine years; and when he retired from London in 1836, the following resolution was passed at a general meeting of the Institution:—"That the cordial thanks of this society be presented to Mr. Sherrington, for his zeal and exertions in promoting its interest for a period of thirty years; and he is further assured that he bears with him the esteem and best wishes of his brother members." Mr. Sherrington was the first to start the Quartet Concerts, in 1835, with Blagrove, Gattie, and Lucas, in which he sustained the viola; he also officiated as treasurer to the Philharmonic for some time, during the absence of the late Mr. Dance.

MELOPHONIC SOCIETY.—(*From a Correspondent.*) This society gave a miscellaneous concert on Friday last, at Blagrove's rooms. The selection, although upon the whole good, was not equal to some others we remember to have heard at the meetings of this society. Romberg's symphony in E flat, although it wants the fine elaboration, the continuity in unity of the great symphonists, is extremely pretty, and keeps the attention alive throughout. Dr. Cooke's glee disappointed us—it is smooth and, in parts, melodious—but it lacks the vigour of the modern glee writers. Kohl's beautiful canzonet, "*Oh! could I only call thee mine,*" the best vocal piece in the concert, was admirably sung by Mr. Lockey, and deservedly encored. The duet and song which followed presented nothing remarkable. Balfé's cavatina, "*Non oè donna,*" was well sung by Miss Cubitt. Mr. Kench, who gave "*The Exile*" of Keller, has a good bass voice—his descent to E flat was received by all the amateur basses in the room with a buzz of admiration—the song was well sung and vociferously encored by the aforesaid basses. The duet for pianoforte and violin, on airs from *la Fiancée*, was excellently played by Miss D. Farmer and Mr. Blagrove. This gentleman's tone is as fine and full as ever it was, and his execution as brilliant—long as the duet was, it had very nearly obtained an encore, which was no more than was due to both performers. After the pretty Irish melody, "*True love can ne'er forget,*" inimitably sung by Miss Cubitt, and encored, we came away. The room was crowded. J. G.

WILLIAM STERNDALÉ BENNETT.—Musicians there are, players and composers, in London, without a tithe of the genius and acquirement of Sterndalé Bennett, enjoying an undue portion of public favour: but this arises from the scrupulous conscience of an artist refusing to court popularity by the degradation of his art. We own that he may be justified in supplying the necessities of his existence by stooping to gain the approbation of the million; but rather than condescend to the "means" we see at work to curry favour in high places, and to make up a "round sum" from a "sensual exhibition" of most unsatisfactory music, our native composer would prefer to retire to the quiet enjoyment of his domestic happiness, and the virtuous companionship of his muse. Our countryman is too rigid in his opinions on art to suit our views entirely, and whilst he delights only to revel in the classical purities of the German masters, we find also pleasure in listening to the lighter ware of the Italian and French school.—*Ella's Musical Record.*

MISS DOLBY has announced her concert for Tuesday, June the 3rd. Who is there that does not wish her a bumper?

MR. T. COOKE is engaged as leader at the forthcoming Norwich Festival.

THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE MUSICIANS gave their annual concert on Friday last, to an overflowing audience. We were not favored with tickets. Have we offended our fair countrywomen, that they visit us with such undue discourtesy? We managed to get in, however, in spite of their fair teeth—and we take our revenge (oh! sweet is revenge!) by confining our notice of their concert to this simple allusion. Nevertheless, a plague upon their pretty faces! we should be sorry to be at war with them.

VIEUXTEMPS will perform to-morrow night at a concert at Sheffield. He returns to London on Saturday.

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* Several subscribers who write to us that they have paid up to Xmas last, and up to Lady-day, 1845, are respectfully informed that a QUARTER IN ADVANCE up to June, 1835, is now due; and, if they wish to continue their subscription to the MUSICAL WORLD, it must be transmitted forthwith.

* We beg leave to state that it is not our custom to review manuscript compositions. We have several by us, and should feel obliged if the authors would apply for them by letter, naming the address where they may be returned, and inclosing postage stamps to defray the expenses of transmitting them.

Miss Hawes' concert, which occurred last night, will be noticed, at length, in our next.

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La Melomanie.

All sciences are somehow connected—to this popular saying, we might add, that the arts are also intimately connected with the scientific researches of acoustics to music. Other means have been also applied to music. Among these, one of the most useful and ingenious is certainly the *Chirogymnast*, where the inventor has undertaken the difficult task, of rendering supple and equal in strength, the fingers of the Pianists. To obtain this double result, there was no other resource than practice on the Piano, and this practice required a series of very tedious exercises, and a persistency possessed only by the very few. All these unthought-of difficulties vanish before the *Chirogymnast*—this ingenious invention shortens, by two thirds, not only the time, but the annoyance of those monotonous exercises that formerly were the *sine qua non*. Mr. List, in expressing his opinion on this precious instrument, says, "I think this instrument destined to render possible, to the majority of the Pianists, the performance of certain compositions that cannot be avoided in the present age." Thus, we must not be astonished if the *Chirogymnast* has been adopted by the *Conservatoires de Musique* in Paris and Europe. To shorten the time of tedious exercises, to augment the agility and dexterity of the hand, to give to the third or ring finger that strength and independence that it has been deprived of by natural formation, are advantages much too precious to be neglected; therefore, all the Pianists will, we are certain, avail themselves of all the invaluable resources of the *Chirogymnast*. Besides, in doing so, they will but follow the advice of S. Thalberg, Kavinax, Emilie Prudent, Bennett, Moscheles, Kalkbrenner, Kontski, J. Herz, Wolff, Liszt, and all the celebrated masters.

La Sylphide, January 1st, 1844.

We cannot finish this article without mentioning the ingenious mechanism lately invented to prepare the fingers, the third and fourth especially, which are naturally so heavy and lax, to all the difficulties of execution on the musical instruments in general, and especially on the Pianoforte. The author of the *Chirogymnast* or Gymnasium of the fingers, has assembled on a small and neat mahogany board, eight apparatuses; which, in procuring for the fingers different exercises, must render all motions and deviations extremely easy. Extension, elevation, flexibility, equality, are at stake; and, consequently, all the elegance and gracefulness, combined with the strength and agility are very soon obtained; qualities indispensable to attain any degree of perfection in performance on any instrument. These exercises must, shorten, a great deal, the study of the pianoforte: the Institute's of France approval, and the Musical Academies adoption of the *Chirogymnast*, are the best proof that the high commendation it has received from the most eminent professors are deserved. We do really believe that this instrument will change entirely the system of study hitherto adopted for musical instruments. It is useless to say that the *Chirogymnast* is not in the least like any of the apparatuses invented by some professors, merely as an addition to their terms for lessons.

HIPPOLITE PREVOST.

Le Monde Musical, March 4th, 1844.

Pronounce *Chirogymnast*, and you will pronounce correctly the name of an apparatus, intended to render easy to the pianoforte players, the execution of the works of Liszt, Thalberg, Prudent, Dohler, Dreyschok, &c. &c. Every one knows that these masters' compositions are of the highest degree of difficulty, and that to play them correctly, the fingers must be endowed with a perfect equality of strength, and total independency. But how would it have been possible to master these difficulties without having undergone a series of exercises and studies, not only very tedious but very long. This problem, seemingly impossible, has been most victoriously solved. Several apparatuses have been invented to aid the improvement of the pupils—all were well received; so great was the necessity of an auxiliary to help to the attainment of a brilliant execution, but they were soon abandoned, because they were all adapted to the piano itself; and the monotonous exercises which were the result, did not procure the advantages and improvement that ought to have been the consequence of so laborious and fatiguing a work. The *Chirogymnast* has the immense advantage of being a mute instrument—it is composed of eight or nine apparatuses—it occupies a very small space, and can be put upon any table, or on the lap of the person practising. On first seeing this very ingenious instrument, you would think it is as a gymnastic school, reduced to a very small scale. Each of the apparatuses tends to a different result, and the exercises that are recommended in the printed method, cannot fail to give to the hand its greatest extension; and to the fingers, their greatest agility, equality, and strength—this must be the result, since the apparatuses are so combined as to act directly on every muscle, either together or individually. We are persuaded that the inventor's aim is attained. Since he has proved, by his invention, that he has studied and acquired a perfect knowledge of the anatomy of the hand, the which studies and knowledge have induced him to combine the scientific apparatuses, the results of which are too evident to be called in question. The *Chirogymnast*, has been approved of by the Institute of France; it has been adopted in the classes of the Conservatoires of Paris and London, and the principal Artists in France, England, and Germany have written to the inventor, the most honorable testimonial of esteem and congratulation, expatiating on his very useful and ingenious invention. All the discoveries have not the same European success, but very few deserve it so well.

(To be Continued.)

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